

Mary McGrory could make words dance. She could make sentences sing and turn paragraphs into symphonies. But it was not just her writing alone that endeared so many of us to Mary. It was just Mary, such a unique individual. It is hard to describe sometimes. I guess moments like this when you know you will never have her company again, you think about the pleasant times you spent together.

Of course, I always think about Mary's annual St. Patrick's Day bash—party, if you will—at her home on Macomb Street. I didn't make every one. Sometimes I was in Iowa on the weekend. It was always on the weekend before or after St. Patrick's Day. Usually before. But I made several of them.

They were wonderful affairs. There was, of course, music, a lot of singing, and, of course, Mary McGrory's lasagna which was always kind of odd. One would think that maybe on St. Paddy's Day one would have corned beef and cabbage, an Irish dish or Irish stew, something like that, but we always had lasagna. Mary McGrory was very proud of her Irish heritage, but I always thought she felt a bit confused. While she was Irish to the core, she loved Italy and loved going to Italy, and she loved having lasagna on St. Patrick's Day.

She one time said, and I am paraphrasing because I don't remember the exact words: It is too bad the Irish could not have been born in Italy. As I said, she was sometimes, I think, a little confused whether she wanted to be more Irish or maybe more Italian, but she was Irish to the core.

Her St. Patrick's Day events were wonderful occasions. There is that wonderful song about when Irish eyes are smiling, and something about the lilt of Irish laughter, you can hear the angels sing. When Mary McGrory's eyes lit up and when she laughed, she was all Irish and you really could hear angels sing.

We always had music and songs. Everyone had to perform at Mary's St. Patrick's Day parties. Everyone had to perform. She always had people of talent there to play the piano or some musical instrument. Since I am musically challenged, and she knew this, I was always commissioned to sing. My song always thereafter was Mother McCree. I always substituted the words "Mary McGrory" for "Mother McCree" which delighted her to no end.

Mary McGrory was a clever woman. She knew how to cajole, how to sometimes even plead, ask, prod, and act terribly helpless knowing that someone would pick up her suitcase, carry her belongings, get something for her, and when that happened, and you would retrieve something or carry something for her, do something for Mary, when you finished doing it, there was this twinkle in her eye and you knew you had been had one more time. She was very clever.

Mary and my wife Ruth became fast and strong friends over gardening.

I enjoyed gardening, although I am not much of a gardener myself. I would sit and listen to them talk about gardening, or Mary would come out to the house and my wife would take her around or ask her about this flower or that flower. Of course, we would go to her place and they would go out and look at Mary's flowers and what was wrong here and what should be planted there. I always felt my job was to go down to Connecticut Avenue and pick up something to eat and come back at the appropriate time when they had finished talking about gardening.

Much has been written and much will be written about Mary's background and where she went to school and what got her into journalism, but I think more should be said about the imprint she left on so many people. She was not only a warm, wise, witty, and clever woman, she was an inspirational woman to so many people.

After you had been with Mary, or after maybe reading one of her columns, you always felt better. You felt better about the world around you. You felt better about things maybe you thought were going wrong. Maybe you were mad about something the Government was doing in one administration or another. You read her column and you felt no matter how bad things were, it was going to be okay; we were going to get through it; right would prevail; justice would triumph and people of good will would take over.

There is an old folk song with this refrain: Passing through, passing through, sometimes happy, sometimes blue, glad that I ran into you. Tell the people that you saw me passing through.

Well, Mary, you passed through and in your passing through you inspired us; you made us think; you prodded us to question, and always, to the end, gave us hope and courage that life will be better for those who come after us.

So we say goodbye to Mary McGrory, thanks for passing through, thanks for touching each of us so profoundly as you did when you passed through.

I yield the floor.

#### FAIRNESS IN ASBESTOS INJURY RESOLUTION (FAIR) ACT

Mr. CHAFEE. Mr. President, earlier today I voted in favor of invoking cloture on the motion to proceed to S. 2290, the Fairness in Asbestos Injury Resolution Act. My vote was not an endorsement of S. 2290 as it was introduced in the Senate. I recognize that concerns have been raised about specific provisions of the bill, and I would consider supporting amendments to S. 2290 if the Senate has an opportunity to fully debate this legislation.

However, I am very concerned about shortcomings in the current system, and support legislating a bipartisan solution that offers a fairer, more efficient process for compensating asbestos victims. For this reason, I voted for cloture on S. 2290 in an effort to move the debate forward.

#### HONORING OUR ARMED FORCES

SERGEANT FELIX DELGRECO

Mr. DODD. Mr. President, I rise to pay tribute to Sgt. Felix Delgreco of the Connecticut Army National Guard, who was killed in action in Iraq on Friday, April 9, at the age of 22.

Sgt. Delgreco was the first Connecticut National Guardsman to be killed in Iraq. His unit, the C Company, 102nd Infantry, was based in Bristol and had been deployed in Kuwait since March. It had been in Baghdad for less than 3 days when Sgt. Delgreco was killed.

Felix Delgreco enlisted in the Guard in 1999, while he was still in high school. Before he went overseas this year, he had been deployed twice once on a peacekeeping effort in Bosnia in 2001, and once in 2003 to West Point for a homeland security mission.

Felix Delgreco was not ordered to go to Iraq. No one forced him to get on a plane. He volunteered. Felix Delgreco was an American patriot who wanted to serve his country and to help build a brighter future for the people of Iraq. He took it upon himself to make a difference in his community and in his world.

Felix Delgreco's friends say he was a friendly, outgoing young man who could fit in anywhere. He enjoyed writing poetry and playing music, and worked backstage during school plays at Simsbury High School. He was an Eagle Scout who took the values of leadership, service, and honor seriously. His cooking skills were well-known, both among his fellow scouts and among those who served with him in the Guard. He had dreams of one day running for President. From time to time, he would even plan out the details of his 2024 campaign with his friends.

Sgt. Delgreco was an individual whose warmth, enthusiasm, and spirit touched everyone around him. Perhaps his former scoutmaster, Richard Gugliemetti, put it best when he said, "Felix Delgreco made us all better people."

Felix Delgreco could have chosen many other paths in life. But he chose one of commitment, of duty, and of service. That was the kind of person Felix Delgreco was. And we are all forever in his debt for the tremendous sacrifice he made so that we can live in freedom and security.

I extend my deepest sympathies to Sgt. Delgreco's parents, Felix and Claire, to his entire family, and to everyone who was fortunate to know him.

TYANNA AVERY-FELDER

Mr. DODD. Mr. President, I rise in memory of U.S. Army SP4 Tyanna Avery-Felder, of Bridgeport, Connecticut, who was killed in the line of duty in Iraq. She was 22 years old.

Specialist Avery-Felder, who served as a cook with the Army's Stryker Brigade, based in Fort Lewis, WA, died on April 6, 2004, 2 days after her convoy

was hit by an improvised explosive device in Mosul, Iraq. She is the first woman from Connecticut to be killed in Iraq since the United States began military operations there in March 2003.

Tyanna Avery-Felder's death is a sobering reminder to all of us, and particularly to people in my home State of Connecticut, that the brave members of our Armed Forces who are risking their lives for us overseas are no longer simply sons, brothers, and fathers. They are daughters, mothers, and sisters, as well.

Specialist Avery-Felder was not the only soldier in her family. She was married to U.S. Army SP4 Adrian Felder. The couple met while they were both completing their basic training in Fort Lewis, and they were married on December 20, 2002, just a few months before the war in Iraq began. Both of them knew of the commitment, risk, and sacrifice inherent in military service. But it was Tyanna who was called to serve overseas in Iraq. And it was she who would make the most powerful sacrifice of all.

Tyanna Avery-Felder was a graduate of Kolbe Cathedral High School in Bridgeport, where she enjoyed playing basketball and singing in the gospel choir. She spent 1 year at Southern Connecticut State University before enlisting in the Army. She was determined to be a teacher for young children when she finished her military service.

Tyanna was a driven, goal-oriented young woman whose mind was hard to change once she made it up. And she was the kind of soldier who inspired her drill instructor at boot camp to compliment her on her toughness. But Specialist Avery-Felder also had a kind heart, and a loving relationship with her parents and her husband.

All of us in Connecticut and across America owe a deep and solemn debt of gratitude to Tyanna Avery-Felder and to her family for her service to our country. On behalf of the U.S. Senate, I offer my deepest condolences to Tyanna's husband Adrian, to her parents, Ray and Ilene, and to everyone who knew and loved her.

#### BUSH ADMINISTRATION'S ENVIRONMENTAL ROLLBACKS

Mr. LEAHY. Mr. President, today is supposed to be a day to mark the importance of protecting the environment. And thankfully, many people are. But though we are all marking the day, the only people celebrating are industry CEOs and lobbyists.

The Bush administration's laser-like focus on rolling back our environmental and public health protections is breathtaking, literally. The rollbacks are dirtying our air and destroying the health of the planet.

Instead of packing the agencies responsible for the environment with environmental stewards as you would expect, the administration has focused on

creating a public relations firm under the guise of the Environmental Protection Agency.

It's been a busy PR firm: announcing environmental rollbacks on Fridays or around holidays when they think the American public is not paying attention, assigning green names to destructive policies, scrubbing regulatory actions to downplay public health risks to meet their political needs and flat out ignoring scientific facts are just a few of their favorite marketing tools.

But for all their public relations maneuvering, the public recognizes the enormous and long-term effect of these policies on our environment and our health. This PR campaign is being led by the very people the administration is supposed to be policing: industry representatives often at the heart of the most egregious environmental neglect. The administration's latest rollback has the fingerprints of lobbyists all over it, the Bush retreat from strong mercury controls at coal-fired power plants.

Unfortunately, the "swoosh" from the revolving door between industry lobby shops and the Bush administration has now spilled over to the Federal bench. The Bush administration recognizes that the courts have become the final backstop against their environmental rollbacks, blocking Bush attempts to gut the Clean Air Act, Clean Water Act and protection of our national monuments.

The courts have ruled against Bush arguments to weaken the National Environmental Policy Act and the Endangered Species Act 80 percent of the time. The Bush solution, give anti-environmental, unqualified industry lobbyists lifetime judicial appointments.

The debate over William Myers, a former cattle and mining industry lobbyist, may be one of the most important environmental debates we have this year. Unlike the Bush industry appointees to Federal agencies, Mr. Myers' effect on environment and public lands would survive long past this Presidency. As I have said many times, the environment is not a partisan issue but this administration has made it clear that industry interests trump the public interest.

#### GOVERNOR FRANK B. MORRISON

Mr. HAGEL. Mr. President, Gov. Frank Morrison was quoted in the December 5, 1975 Lincoln Evening Journal:

As long as Frank Morrison's alive, I'll never retire, even though I'm flat on my back. There are too many problems in this world which need attention.

Much has already been said about the late Gov. Frank B. Morrison and his remarkable life. However, I would like to add a couple of thoughts from the perspective of a Nebraskan, a U.S. Senator, and a Republican.

The first time I had the opportunity to meet Frank Morrison, I was a young radio station reporter in Omaha during

the 1970 Nebraska Senate campaign. In my first interview with him, I was drawn to his passion and sense of purpose. Frank Morrison believed he could make the world better—and he succeeded. His political career and life were about enhancing the world around him and solving problems.

Frank's dedication to Nebraska was, and still is, seen and felt statewide. As Governor, he and his wife Maxine encouraged Nebraskans to take pride in their State. It was his vision and pride in Nebraska that eventually led to the completion of the Great Platte River Road Archway spanning Interstate 80 outside of Kearney. He was dedicated to recognizing Nebraska's role as an important crossroads in the Nation's development and westward migration.

I stayed in touch with Frank over the years, but it wasn't until I came to the Senate in 1997 that I communicated with him on a regular basis. He would write or call me, offering suggestions, observations, and thoughts on issues of the day. I last spoke with him a week after Maxine's death when Frank knew he had very little time left. In our last conversation, he never once mentioned his battle with cancer, his pain, or his impending death. Our conversations were always about the future.

I told my Senate colleague and Frank's former colleague, Senator FRITZ HOLLINGS (D-SC), that Frank did not have much time left. Frank and FRITZ were Governors together during the 1960s. I gave FRITZ Frank's phone number and he called him. They had a wonderful 45 minute conversation as they said their last goodbyes.

Frank Morrison was a remarkable man for many reasons. The ultimate compliment that can be paid to any of us at the end of our lives fits him well—he left the world better than he found it.

Frank's unyielding commitment to his family, State, and country is a model for all Nebraskans. He was a dedicated public servant who inspired others through his personal conduct and respect for others. All of Nebraska thanks Governor Frank and Maxine Morrison for their contributions to our State and humanity.

Mr. HOLLINGS. Mr. President, this week the citizens of Nebraska lost a legend with the passing of Governor Frank Morrison, and I rise to recognize my plain-spoken friend of 45 years.

When I was Governor of South Carolina, Frank became Governor of Nebraska, and I have admired him ever since. We spoke earlier this spring, and his mind was as sharp at age 98, as it was at age 58.

When I think of Frank I think of a man who knew how to get results. He was a progressive Governor, but also a fiscally conservative one. He implemented many changes, insofar as creating an educational television network and a statewide employee retirement system that modernized state government.

We will miss him, as we miss his wife Maxine, who just passed away last